

## A Time To Reflect

The sky glowed orange and the sun burned red,  
These images are forever embedded in our heads.  
As people rallied round, you could sense the fear,  
Checking on neighbours, making plans, shedding a tear.  
Waiting anxiously, radios on, cars packed,  
The embers carried on the wind, burnt leaves, ash.

The night was long, it didn't end, awaking to darkness,  
Thick choking smell of smoke, an incredible eeriness.

The depth of the blackness, no sun in the sky,  
It felt like the world was saying goodbye.  
News came of towns gone, fire destroying all in its path.  
It showed no mercy, only fury and wrath.

Amongst the fear, the reassuring sounds of help on the way,  
Helicopters, sirens, communities united, bravely battle each day.  
The thick ash slowly fades, the rain starts to pour,  
Now the rivers flow fast bringing debris, soil galore.  
Burnt logs, branches, hay bales, all float by.  
Beaches now covered with ash, things charred and dry.

As seasons pass, nature slowly regrows, new shoots, new life,  
Birds, animals return, but there are still some in strife.  
The now forgotten who lost everything, trying to rebuild,

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Sitting quietly defeated, with many needs to be filled.

Others are broken, emotionally scared,

We pause to remember those who have lost, those who are marred.

Turn to each other with compassion, caring and love,

Community is our strength, amidst the ashes, we rise above.

Beyond the bushfires, together we stand,

Supporting each other, walking hand in hand.

In the face of adversity, the road may seem long,

But now together it is a time to heal, reflect, a time to grow strong.



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